

The battlefield was a scene of utter devastation. The once serene surroundings of the hospital had been transformed into a chaotic landscape of destruction. The ground was scorched and blackened, with deep craters marking the spots where powerful attacks had landed. Trees that had once stood tall and proud were now reduced to charred stumps, their branches scattered like broken limbs across the ground.

Buildings in the vicinity bore the scars of the fierce battle. Walls were cracked and crumbling, windows shattered into countless shards of glass that glittered like deadly confetti. Vehicles that had been parked nearby were now twisted and mangled, some flipped onto their roofs, others reduced to smoldering wrecks. The air was thick with the acrid smell of smoke and burnt metal, mingling with the faint scent of ozone left behind by Nullifier's lightning attacks.

Despite the widespread destruction, the hospital itself stood remarkably unscathed. It was a testament to the heroes' efforts that the building, where Ahnaf and many others had sought refuge, remained largely intact. The walls of the hospital were still standing, a beacon of hope amidst the chaos. Only a few crumbling rocks and minor debris hinted at the ferocity of the battle that had raged so close by.

Inside the hospital, the atmosphere was tense but hopeful. Patients and staff had huddled together, their eyes wide with fear as they listened to the sounds of the battle outside.

Down in the depths of the earth, beneath layers of rock and concrete, lay a secret underground level of the hospital. The air was cool and still, a stark contrast to the chaos above. The echoes of our fierce battle reverberated through the underground corridors, a distant reminder of the conflict raging on the surface.

In a dimly lit room, Ahnaf stood with Ruvana. Ahnaf's eyes were glued to his phone, watching the news coverage of the battle. His heart ached as he saw us fighting valiantly against Khan.



"I should be there to help them, Mom," Ahnaf said, his voice filled with frustration and guilt.

Ruvana placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "They are doing all they can just so you don't have to go there. Khan wants you, Ahnaf. He knows your power."

Ahnafe clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. "I know, but this isn't me, Mom. I can't stay hidden while my best friends are out there fighting. They need me."

Ruvana sighed, her eyes filled with a mixture of understanding and sorrow. "I get what you feel, Ahnaf. Your father was like this too. Always wanting to be in the thick of the action, never one to stand by when others were in danger."

Ahnafe looked up at her, his eyes burning with determination. "Then you know why I can't stay."

Ruvana nodded slowly, her expression softening. "I do. But you need to be smart about this. Rushing out there without a plan could put everyone in more danger, including yourself. Besides, look at the screen. Your friends up there, James and Eric, they seem to have already been able to push back Khan."



They turned their attention to the news feed, where James and I were fighting Khan with all our strength, our combined efforts creating a dazzling display of power and skill. The screen showed us landing blow after blow, pushing Khan back with relentless determination.

"Woah, they must have gone through some serious training while I was away. That's crazy," Ahnaf said, a mix of awe and pride in his voice.

Ruvana smiled, her eyes reflecting the same pride. "Yes, they have. But remember, the battle is not over yet. They need you to stay safe and be ready for when the time is right."

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Just as the words left her mouth, a thunderous clash echoed from above, shaking the very foundations of the underground sanctuary.

Up on the ground, James and I stood, surging with power. The air around us crackled with energy, our combined auras creating a dazzling display of light and force. Khan stood a distance from us, battered and broken, with cuts and marks all over his body from the devastating hits we had delivered. Despite the damage, his expression remained emotionless, the hint of a smile that had once graced his lips now completely gone.

The battlefield was a scene of chaos and destruction. The ground was scorched and littered with debris, the remnants of our fierce clash. Trees lay uprooted, and the surrounding buildings bore the scars of our battle, their walls cracked and crumbling. Smoke rose from the numerous craters that dotted the landscape, a testament to the sheer power of our attacks.

James's eyes blazed with determination, his body surrounded by a radiant yellow aura. Lightning arced from his fingertips, striking the

ground and creating a web of electrical energy that spread outwards. He was ready to unleash another barrage of attacks, his resolve unwavering.



I stood beside him, my body a blur of motion as I prepared for the next assault. The ground beneath my feet seemed to tremble with anticipation, the air thick with the promise of more devastation. We had pushed Khan to his limits, but we knew that the battle was far from over.

Khan's eyes narrowed as he assessed the situation. His once confident demeanor was now replaced with a cold, calculating gaze. He was a formidable opponent, and even in his weakened state, he was not to be underestimated. The cuts and bruises that marred his body were a testament to our efforts, but they also served as a reminder of his resilience.

"Ready for round two?" I asked, my voice steady despite the adrenaline coursing through my veins.

James nodded, his expression mirroring my determination. "Let's finish this."

We charged forward with all our might. In that moment, a surge of determination coursed through me.

No more running. No more losses. We've already lost too much, too many. Today, we will stand our ground. Today, we will triumph. This is my time—my time to protect Ahnaf, my time to end this menace once and for all.



As we closed in, ready to deliver our final blows, time seemed to slow down. In that moment, I saw it—Khan lifting one of his feet off the ground.

His movement was deliberate, almost methodical. He raised his leg high, muscles rippling with raw power. The ground beneath his foot seemed to tremble in anticipation, as if the earth itself knew what was coming. For a brief second, everything was eerily silent, the calm before the storm.

Then, with a force that defied comprehension, Khan brought his foot down.

The impact was cataclysmic. The moment his foot connected with the ground, a deafening sound erupted, so overwhelming that it took me a moment to comprehend what was happening. The sheer force of that stomp shook the very foundation of the crater Khan was standing on, creating a shockwave that blasted us away with unimaginable power.

The ground beneath us didn't just tremble—it convulsed violently, as if struck by a massive earthquake. The air was filled with a thunderous roar, a sound so intense it felt like the sky itself was splitting apart. The shockwave was so immense that it felt as if the earth itself was being torn asunder. The force of the stomp was so colossal that it generated a tornado for a brief moment, a swirling vortex of dust and debris that spun wildly before dissipating.

The effect of the stomp hit us before the sound could even catch up. We were hurled through the air like ragdolls, the sheer power of the shockwave propelling us away from Khan. Rocks and debris were flung in all directions, and the crater expanded rapidly, swallowing up the nearby buildings in its wake. The ground cracked and split, creating fissures that radiated outwards from the epicenter of the stomp, as if the earth itself was fracturing under the strain.



A thick cloud of dust and mist enveloped the crater, obscuring everything in a dense, choking haze. The devastation was absolute, a testament to the godlike strength Khan possessed. His stomp had not only repelled us but had also reshaped the very landscape, leaving behind a scene of utter ruin. The sheer magnitude of the destruction was staggering—buildings crumbled, trees were uprooted, and the ground itself seemed to have been torn apart.

As I struggled to regain my bearings, the enormity of Khan's power became painfully clear. This was no ordinary opponent. Khan's strength was beyond anything we had ever faced, a force of nature that seemed unstoppable.

As the smoke began to clear, the scene slowly came into focus. The thick, choking haze that had enveloped the battlefield started to dissipate, revealing the extent of the devastation. The air was heavy with the acrid smell of burnt earth and ozone, remnants of the fierce clash that had just taken place.

The first thing we saw was the outline of Khan, standing tall and menacing at the center of the crater. His silhouette emerged from the thinning smoke, a dark figure against the backdrop of destruction. The ground around him was scorched and cracked, fissures radiating outwards from where he stood. Debris and rubble were scattered everywhere, remnants of the buildings and trees that had been obliterated by the force of his stomp.



As the last wisps of smoke drifted away, the full extent of Khan's power became painfully clear. His body, which had been battered and broken just moments ago, was now completely healed. The wounds and cuts that had taken us months of training and the achievement of the "Code Breaker" state to inflict had vanished, as if they had never existed. His skin was unblemished, his stance as imposing as ever.

James, his usual comedic demeanor completely gone, stared in disbelief. "What... But how is that even possible?"

I shook my head, my voice barely above a whisper. "I... I don't know... His wounds have all healed."

James clenched his fists, frustration evident in his eyes. "This is going to be tough if it keeps on like this."

Desperation crept into my voice. "What do you suppose we do?"

James took a deep breath, his eyes never leaving Khan. "We need to keep pummeling him until he can't heal anymore, I guess."

We stood there, ready, with power surging throughout our bodies. The air around us crackled with energy, our determination unwavering despite the overwhelming odds. The sheer magnitude of Khan's regenerative abilities was daunting, but we couldn't afford to back down now.

"James, we can't let him win," I said, my voice filled with resolve. "For Ahnaf, for everyone... We have to find a way."

James nodded, his expression grim. "I know. We just have to keep hitting him harder, faster. We can't give him a moment to recover."

The desperation in our voices was palpable. We had trained for this, prepared for every possible scenario, but Khan's ability to heal so quickly was something we hadn't anticipated. It felt like we were fighting an unstoppable force, but we couldn't let that deter us.

"Stay focused," James said, his voice steady. "We can do this. We have to."

I nodded, feeling a surge of determination. "Right. Let's give it everything we've got."

We charged forward, our bodies a blur of motion and energy. James was the first to strike, unleashing a barrage of lightning bolts that crackled through the air with deafening intensity. Each bolt struck Khan with precision, leaving small scorch marks on his skin that healed almost instantly.



James then extended his hands, lightning arcing from his fingertips and striking the ground around Khan, creating a web of electrical energy that trapped him momentarily. Tempest's Wrath was in full display, showcasing the raw power of his lightning manipulation.

I took advantage of the opening, accelerating to superhuman speed. The ground beneath my feet blurred as I delivered a flurry of punches and kicks, each one landing with the force of a sledgehammer. Every hit left small marks on Khan's body, but they vanished almost as quickly as they appeared.

Using my incredible speed, I moved so fast that I seemed to teleport around Khan, striking him from all angles. Flash Step allowed me to disorient him momentarily, but his wounds continued to heal at an alarming rate.

James joined in, his fists crackling with electrical energy. He enhanced his physical attacks with lightning, making each punch and kick deliver a shocking impact. Electrified Assault increased the damage of his melee attacks, but Khan's regenerative abilities nullified the damage almost instantly.

"This is insane," James muttered, frustration evident in his voice. "We need to keep hitting him harder!"

"Right," I agreed, my resolve hardening. "No holding back."

James took to the air, his body surrounded by a radiant yellow aura. He dove towards Khan at high speed, delivering a powerful strike from above. Aerial Blitz combined his flight and speed, creating a shockwave that sent debris flying, but Khan remained unfazed, his wounds healing as quickly as they appeared.

I followed up with a series of rapid strikes, my movements a blur. Accelerating to supersonic speeds, I created a shockwave that disoriented Khan. Sonic Boom shook the ground with the force of our combined attacks, but Khan's resilience was staggering.

James projected a powerful energy blast from his hands, channeling the raw power of lightning into a concentrated attack. Storm Surge struck Khan with devastating force, but his wounds healed almost instantly, leaving us both shocked and desperate.

"We can't let up," I said, my voice filled with determination. "We have to keep going."

James nodded, his eyes blazing with resolve. He unleashed his ultimate move, a concentrated beam of pure, yellow energy that cut through the air and struck Khan with incredible force. Thunder Flash left a deep mark on Khan's chest, but it healed within seconds, leaving us both stunned.

"This is going to be tough if it keeps on like this," James said, his voice tinged with desperation.

"What do you suppose we do?" I asked, my mind racing for a solution.

"We need to keep pummeling him until he can't heal anymore," James replied, his expression grim.

With renewed determination, we charged forward once more. I delivered a series of rapid punches and kicks, each one landing with precision and force. James followed up with a barrage of lightning bolts, each strike aimed with deadly accuracy.

James struck the ground with tremendous force, creating a shockwave that knocked Khan back. Groundbreaker caused the ground to crack and split, but Khan's wounds continued to heal almost instantly.

I dashed forward in a straight line, leaving a trail of lightning in my wake. Lightning Dash crackled around Khan, but his regenerative abilities nullified the damage.

James gathered electrical energy into a concentrated sphere and hurled it at Khan. Tempest Blast caused a massive explosion, sending debris flying in all directions, but Khan emerged unscathed, his wounds healed once more.

"This is impossible," I muttered, frustration and desperation creeping into my voice.

"We can't give up," James said, his voice steady. "We have to keep fighting."

As the smoke cleared, revealing Khan standing menacingly at the center of the crater, James and I knew we had to change our strategy. His wounds, which had taken us months of grueling

training to inflict, had healed instantly. It was time to unleash everything we had.

James took a deep breath, his eyes narrowing with determination. He decided to leave behind his lightning manipulation and instead harness the full extent of his Might of Titanus. His muscles bulged with raw power, and his stance became even more imposing. With a nod, he signaled that he was ready.

James charged forward, his superhuman strength allowing him to lift and hurl massive chunks of debris at Khan. Each piece of rubble flew through the air with the force of a cannonball, but Khan swatted them away effortlessly. Undeterred, James leaped into the air, covering an incredible distance before landing a powerful punch on Khan's jaw. The impact was like a thunderclap, sending shockwaves through the ground. Titan's Smash left a visible mark on Khan's face, but it healed almost instantly.

I joined the fray, using my Super Speed to dart around Khan, delivering rapid strikes from all angles. My fists and feet moved in a blur, each hit generating a shockwave upon impact. Flash Strike allowed me to knock Khan back, but his regenerative abilities nullified the damage almost immediately.



James combined his raw strength with his Swiftness of Zephyrus, moving at incredible speeds to dodge Khan's counterattacks and deliver devastating blows. He lifted a massive boulder and hurled it at Khan with all his might. Colossal Lift sent the boulder crashing into Khan, but once again, the wounds healed instantly.

"He's healing too fast!" I shouted, frustration creeping into my voice.

"We can't let up!" James replied, his voice filled with resolve. He struck the ground with tremendous force, creating a shockwave that knocked Khan off balance. Groundbreaker caused the ground to crack and split, but Khan quickly regained his footing, his wounds already healed.

I spun rapidly in place, generating a powerful vortex of wind that lifted and threw Khan off balance. Cyclone Spin disoriented him momentarily, giving James an opening to deliver a series of rapid

punches and kicks. Rapid Flurry overwhelmed Khan, but his resilience was staggering.

James took to the air, using his Flight to gain a tactical advantage. He dove towards Khan at high speed, delivering a powerful strike from above. Aerial Blitz created a shockwave that sent debris flying, but Khan remained unfazed, his wounds healing as quickly as they appeared.

I accelerated to my maximum speed, becoming a blur of motion as I charged through Khan. Lightning Dash sent him flying, but he quickly recovered, his wounds already healed. I channeled kinetic energy into my fists, releasing it in a concentrated burst upon striking Khan. Kinetic Burst stunned him momentarily, but it wasn't enough to keep him down.

James gathered all his strength and delivered a powerful punch to the ground, creating a massive shockwave that sent Khan reeling. Titan's Roar intimidated and disoriented him, but his regenerative abilities continued to nullify the damage.

Despite our combined assault, Khan remained on the winning side. His wounds healed instantly, and he retaliated with devastating force. Each hit he landed on us was like being struck by a freight train, sending us crashing into the ground. The sheer power of his attacks left us battered and bruised, but we refused to give up.

James nodded, his eyes blazing with resolve. "For.... for everyone... We can't afford to fail."

As the battle raged on, James knew he had to tap into his anti-magic powers, remembering the devastating moves he had copied from the last battle with Asura in Nepal. An overwhelming aura of power began to flare from his body, the air around him crackling with energy. He recalled the combination of his abilities, ready to unleash their full potential.

James glared at Khan, his eyes filled with fierce determination.

"Khan! You asked for this... time to turn to dust!"



First, he combined his Titan's Might with the Infernal Strength of Asura, creating an overwhelming Infernal Might. His muscles bulged with raw power, and every step he took left trails of burnt ground in his wake. His strength reached new, unimaginable levels. James rushed at Khan, his fists blazing with infernal energy. Each punch

and kick he delivered burned the parts of Khan's body they struck, leaving charred marks that healed almost instantly.

James's attacks were relentless, each hit more powerful than the last. The ground shook with the force of his blows, and the air was filled with the smell of burning flesh. But Khan's regenerative abilities continued to nullify the damage, his wounds healing as quickly as they appeared. Despite this, James pressed on, his determination unwavering.

Suddenly, Khan retaliated with a devastating punch, his fist connecting with James's chest with the force of a freight train. The impact sent James flying, crashing into the ground with a thunderous impact. He lay there for a moment, struggling to catch his breath, his body battered and bruised.

James gritted his teeth, pushing himself to his feet. "Damn it! How much will it take to end this? I have to use all my powers!"

He moved back, gathering his strength for his next attack. He extended his hands, creating a massive ball of pure, raw lightning. The energy crackled and surged, growing larger and larger until it was half the size of a skyscraper. At the same time, he summoned the infernal power of Asura, creating a ball of pure, raw inferno and lava. The two spheres combined into a devastating Lightning Inferno.



With a mighty roar, James hurled the Lightning Inferno at Khan. The massive energy ball streaked through the air, striking Khan with incredible force. The impact was cataclysmic, causing a massive explosion that charred everything around it. The heat was intense, and the ground around Khan was scorched and blackened.

As Khan struggled to withstand the onslaught of the Lightning Inferno, James channeled all his powers and the power of Asura into a singular point in his chest. The energy built up, growing more and more intense until it was almost unbearable.

James's voice was filled with desperation and resolve. "This has to end now! I won't let you win, Khan!"

The energy continued to build, and James's body trembled with the sheer force of it. "For Ahnaf, for everyone... this ends here!"

Then, with a final, mighty effort, he unleashed the Infernal Flash.



A beam of pure, malevolent energy shot from James's chest, cutting through the air with devastating force. The Infernal Flash struck the blast zone, creating a massive explosion that lit up the entire battlefield. The flash was so bright that it momentarily blinded both James and me, leaving us stunned.

The ground shook with the force of the explosion, and the air was filled with the sound of the blast. Debris and rubble were flung in all directions, and the ground was scorched and blackened. As the dust began to settle, we could see the extent of the devastation. The battlefield was a scene of utter ruin, a testament to the sheer power of James's attacks.

As we came back to our senses, catching our breath, the devastation around us slowly came into focus. The air was thick with dust and the acrid smell of burnt earth. James, panting heavily, looked at me with a mixture of hope and desperation.

"Did... did we do it? Did... did we finally stop Khan?" James asked, his voice trembling with exhaustion.

"I hope so... I hope—" My voice trailed off as the debris cleared and my vision adjusted. There, standing in the middle of the crater, was Khan, completely unscathed.

James's face fell, his eyes wide with disbelief. "Heh... Eric... I'm sorry, buddy... I... I can't anymore."

Seeing James on the brink of collapse fueled my desperation. I charged forward with my super speed, every ounce of power and determination driving me. I had to give it my all, no matter the cost.

"I don't know if this is going to help, I don't know if this will make a difference, I don't even know if we will make it. But I have to give it my all, till my last breath. No more running, no more hiding, just you and me, Khan!"

With a final burst of speed, I struck Khan with overwhelming force, the impact sending debris flying in all directions. But as the dust settled, my heart sank. My hit had done nothing. It didn't make a mark, didn't cause any harm, didn't even make Khan flinch. The terrifying realization hit me—Khan had adapted to our powers. There was nothing we could do.

"Oh... oh no," I whispered, the weight of despair crushing down on me.

Khan swatted me aside with crushing force, sending me crashing into the edge of the crater. Pain shot through my body as I struggled to move.

"ERIC!!!" James's voice echoed through the battlefield, filled with anguish and fury.

Summoning the last of his strength, James charged, his yellow aura blazing with intensity. "You will pay, Khan! You will pay for hurting my buddy Eric! I will obliterate you!"

James's fist, crackling with raw power, was aimed directly at Khan's jaw. But just as his punch was about to land, Khan moved with lightning speed, sidestepping the blow and grabbing hold of James's head with a vice-like grip. The suddenness of the move left James momentarily stunned, his momentum halted in an instant.

Khan's grip tightened, and with a cruel smile, he began to pummel James into the ground. The first blow sent shockwaves through the battlefield, the force of it reverberating in the air. Khan lifted James and slammed him down again, the impact creating a crater beneath them. Each hit was more brutal than the last, the ground shaking with the sheer power of Khan's assault.

James's cries of pain echoed through the air, each one a dagger to my heart. I watched in helpless horror as Khan continued his relentless assault, the sheer power of his attacks leaving James battered and broken. Khan's fists moved with blinding speed, each

punch landing with bone-shattering force. The ground around them cracked and splintered, debris flying in all directions.

"Stop... please... stop..." I whispered, my voice barely audible over the sound of the brutal onslaught.

But Khan showed no mercy. He lifted James high into the air, then brought him crashing down with such force that the ground beneath them caved in, creating a massive crater. Dust and debris filled the air, obscuring my view, but I could still hear the sickening thud of each blow.

James's body was limp, his aura flickering weakly as he struggled to stay conscious. Khan's grip on his head was unrelenting, his eyes cold and devoid of any emotion. With a final, devastating punch, Khan drove James into the ground, the impact sending a shockwave that rippled through the battlefield.



The ground trembled, and for a moment, everything was silent. The dust began to settle, revealing the extent of the devastation. James lay motionless in the center of the crater, his body battered and broken. Khan stood over him, his expression unchanged, as if the brutal assault had been nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

I struggled to my feet, my body aching with pain. The sight of James lying there, defeated, filled me with a sense of hopelessness.

I felt lost. We cannot face Khan. The only thing I can do right now is run... again... heh, which I did time and time again. I have to warn Ahnaf, I have to take him away. I have to go.

I ran back towards the hospital, my heart pounding with fear and desperation. Each step felt like a betrayal to my friends, a cowardly retreat from a battle we couldn't win. My mind was a whirlwind of guilt and helplessness, the weight of our failure pressing down on me like a suffocating blanket.

As I sprinted through the war-torn streets, the sounds of the battle echoed in my ears—James's cries of pain, the thunderous impacts of Khan's attacks, the shattering of our hopes. My legs felt heavy, each stride a struggle against the overwhelming urge to collapse and give in to despair. But I couldn't stop. I had to keep moving, had to reach Ahnaf before it was too late.



In the underground of the hospital, Ahnaf was watching the battle unfold on a screen with his mother, Ruvana. The tension in the room was palpable.

"Mom... I..." Ahnaf began, his voice trembling.

"Don't!" Ruvana interrupted, her eyes wide with fear. "Please, Ahnaf, look at what Khan did to Eric and James! You must not go!"

"He wants me, Mom. He won't stop until he gets what he wants," Ahnaf replied, his voice filled with a mix of determination and sorrow.

Ruvana's voice broke as she pleaded, "He will kill you, Ahnaf! STOP arguing, let's run away!"

"For how long, Mom? How long until he finds us again? How many innocent people will have to suffer because of me?" Ahnaf's eyes were filled with tears, his voice cracking under the weight of his guilt.

Ruvana's face contorted with pain. "Your father didn't risk his life just for you to give it all away."

Ahnaf shook his head, his expression resolute. "That is where you are wrong, Mom. This life is mine to live, mine to give. If that makes you safe and everyone else, I would give it all away in a heartbeat."

Ruvana's tears flowed freely now. "Why, Ahnaf, why do all this? You are the only one I have. Please don't! I beg you," she sobbed, her voice breaking with every word.



Ahnaf moved towards the staircase; his steps heavy with the burden of his decision. He turned to look at his mother one last time, his eyes filled with a mixture of love and sorrow.

"Because nobody else will," he whispered, his voice barely audible.

Ruvana collapsed to her knees, her sobs echoing through the underground chamber. "Ahnaf, please... don't leave me..."

Ahnaf paused, his heart aching at the sight of his mother in such despair. But he knew what he had to do. With a deep breath, he steeled himself and continued up the stairs, each step taking him

further away from the safety of the underground and closer to the inevitable confrontation with Khan.

The weight of his decision bore down on him, but he knew there was no turning back. The fate of everyone he loved depended on his actions. With a final glance back, he stepped out into the chaos, ready to face Khan and whatever fate awaited him.



